

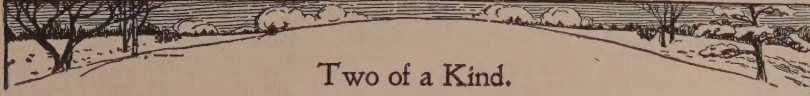
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 22

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 29, 1920



Two of a Kind.

BY S. G. MOSHER.

THE oldest settlers in Four Hills—and some of them had been there ten years—said they never remembered such a mild January. There had been a little snow just before Christmas, but this soon disappeared, and the roads were as dusty, and the sunshine as bright though not as warm, as in July.

But in Northern Alberta the January days, no matter how sunny, are short, and Annie Warwick, as soon as she got home from school, always made sure that her poultry was safely housed for the night. She had twenty-five hens of her very own, and she hoped that their eggs, and the geese which she intended to raise in the summer, would pay her way for a year at the high school in the nearest town.

One afternoon, on coming home, Annie found all her hens and one of the geese already huddled in the henhouse. Usually they were loath to go to roost until the sun had set, and had to be coaxed into the house by the offer of some grain. Two geese were missing, and Annie looked for them in vain. She had not had the geese many days, having bought them from a neighbor with some money which her grandmother in the East had sent her as a Christmas present, and she thought that perhaps they had returned to their former home. But when she said so at the supper-table her father looked doubtful.

"I only hope the coyotes haven't got them; I heard them yelping to-day over in the west field."

"Surely they would not dare to come so near the house in the daytime, father."

"I dare say they know we have no firearms but an old shotgun," her brother Jim remarked. "Coyotes are certainly thick this year. Their skins are bringing a good price, too; Rex Hyde says his cousin got fifteen dollars for a good one. But of course you need a rifle to shoot a coyote."

"You need several good dogs, too, if you are going coyote-hunting," his father remarked, "to say nothing of a fast horse."

"Rex has four good hounds, and there isn't a faster horse around here than my Chief, even if he is only a cayuse," Jim said. "I only wish there were some way I could get a rifle."

"I wish there were," Mr. Warwick said, "but you know how it is. A good rifle would cost fifty dollars, and I simply cannot spare the money."

Next morning Jim and Annie had to leave for school almost before it was light, for they had three miles to walk, and the sun rises late in Alberta in win-

ter, so that there was no time to look for the missing geese. They searched for them after school that afternoon, without results. The next day was Saturday, and in the afternoon Annie went over to the neighbor from whom she had bought the geese, to ask if they had come home. They had not, and after a little visit with the daughter of the family, a girl of about her own age, Annie started for home, taking a short cut which would bring her out on the west side of her father's homestead. She followed a cow-path through the brush, and just as she came out on the cleared field she found a little pile of white feathers. It was useless to search longer for the missing geese.

The next day the Warwicks attended church service at the schoolhouse, and after the service, Mrs. Hyde, who lived near the school, invited them all to dinner.

"Sorry we haven't anything but salt pork to offer you," said jovial Mr. Hyde, as they took their seats at the table. "It might as well have been lamb, though. The coyotes took one of my fattest ones last night. We keep them in a shed built on to the stable. I got home late from town, and forgot to shut the gate of the corral after I had fed the horses. Makes me mad when I remember that we haven't allowed ourselves a taste of mutton."

"Why, Jim, your sheep are out to-day, aren't they?" Mrs. Warwick asked anxiously.

"Oh, they will be safe enough in the daytime," Mr. Hyde remarked. "Coyotes do their prowling mostly at night. I never knew them as bad as they are this year. Some people say it is owing to the scarcity of rabbits and other wild game, and that hunger drives them to our barnyards. I think myself that they know there isn't a rifle in the neighborhood. I wish I had one; we have good hunting-dogs, and coyote skins are high. But I had a poor crop last year, and there are so many other things we need."

"Just what I was saying to Jim," Mr. Warwick remarked. "He wants a rifle, but I told him his old shotgun would have to do another year."

The talk shifted to other things, but Jim and Annie were ill at ease, and were glad when their parents said it was time to be going. When they got home, however, they found that the sheep, the hens, and the remaining goose were safe. But that night Jim was awakened by a great commotion out at the stable. Throwing on some clothes, he seized his shotgun and hurried out. In the bright moonlight he saw that the door of the stable, in one end of which he kept his five sheep, was safely fastened, but something was evidently happening inside the building. Sharp barks, frightened bleating, and the neighing and stamping of horses were intermingled.

Jim threw the door open and rushed in, his gun ready for action, only to trip over some soft object directly in his path. As he fell, an animal ran past



Drawing by E. Eells.

"Jim sprang quickly to one side, aimed at the bear's heart and fired."

him and disappeared through the open door. In spite of the moonlight, it was too dark inside the stable to see clearly. It was a log building, with dirt floor, and only two very small windows. The sense of touch told Jim that he had fallen over the body of a sheep. He went to the house for a lantern. Its rays showed that one sheep was quite dead, and another badly hurt. Nor did it take long to discover how the marauders had made an entrance. They had neglected to bank the stable that year, owing to pressure of work, and the coyotes had burrowed under the logs. Jim found a shovel and filled this hole up; then, as there was nothing he could do until daylight, he went back to bed.

Mr. Warwick looked surprised when he heard of the night's raid. "I have heard that coyotes could dig like badgers when they wanted to, but I never knew them to break into a stable," he said. "We must skin the sheep right away and hang it up; it will at least give us some fresh meat."

"I could have got fifteen dollars for it last fall," Jim said gloomily.

"Well, it is worth that to us, as meat," his father replied. "I will give you the money as soon as I can spare it, but you know I have hardly a cent now."

"I wasn't thinking of that, father," Jim replied. "It seems to me that since I am likely to lose the other sheep, I had better sell them at once. I could buy a rifle with the money, and if I could shoot some coyotes, their skins would be worth quite a bit."

"Sheep are down just now," the farmer rejoined. "I doubt if these would bring more than ten dollars each. Better try setting out some poison over in the west field, and maybe Rex Hyde will lend you one of his hounds to guard the barn."

Rex willingly agreed to let Jim have one of the dogs to watch the stable nights, and the boys set some poisoned bait in the west field. But the coyotes were wary and refused to touch it. Several times in the next week they prowled about the stable, but the frantic barking of the dog always awakened Jim, and a shot from the old gun was enough to drive the cowardly animals away.

One fine Saturday early in February, Jim and Rex took their shotguns and started out rabbit-hunting. Settlers in the West are not as a rule fond of rabbits, but they serve to break the monotony of salt fried pork. The boys tramped all the morning without catching sight of a single rabbit. The ground was bare, so there were no tracks to guide them. At last they came to a poplar bluff, and sat down on the sunny side to eat their dinner. As they munched their sandwiches of bread and fried eggs, Rex's eye was caught by a big crow's nest in a tree near the top of the hill.

"Look, Jim, did you ever see such a big nest?"

Jim's eye followed the pointing finger. "Looks as if a whole colony had made one big nest," he commented. "Hallo! Don't you see that great hole at the foot of the tree? Let's go up and have a look at it."

Rex rose with alacrity. "Maybe there is buried treasure there," he said, as he followed his friend up the hill. He had been reading "Treasure Island," and his mind was full of pirates and pieces of eight.

"Nobody round here has any treasure to bury," Jim said scornfully. "That hole looks as if it had been dug out, though. I suppose a badger has been hunting for rabbits."

Rex, who had left his gun at the foot of the hill, seized a long stick that happened to be lying near, and thrust it into the hole. "I believe there is a badger in there now," he exclaimed. "I feel something soft. Here, Jim, take the stick."

Just then something happened. There was a growl from the interior of the little cave, the stick was twisted from Rex's grasp, causing him to fall, and an immense black bear emerged backwards, rose to his hind feet, and turned to glare wrathfully at the two boys.

Jim felt a momentary panic. He had heard that black bears, usually inoffensive, were apt to turn savage when roused from their winter sleep, and this one looked fierce enough. He was not sure if he could kill the bear with a shotgun, and to wound it would be dangerous. But while he hesitated, the animal, with a deep growl, dropped on all fours again, and started toward him. Jim sprang quickly to one side, aimed at the bear's heart, and fired. He was so close that the muzzle almost touched the bear's side. With a coughing grunt it fell, and after a few convulsive movements lay still. Rex, feeling rather stunned by the suddenness with which things were happening, scrambled to his feet, and with Jim approached the body.

"He's dead, all right," Rex said, "shot through the heart. Jim, I bet that skin is worth thirty dollars. We don't know how to skin the bear properly, though, even if we had a knife. You had better stay here, while I go for father; if the coyotes found the carcass, they would"—

A fierce growl interrupted him, and the frightened boys turned just in time to see the bear's mate emerging from the den. Jim thought of his empty gun, and crying, "Run, Rex!" he plunged down the hill. Almost mechanically he recovered Rex's gun as he passed it, but he had no mind to put his luck to the test a second time. As they sprinted over the uneven, frozen ground the boys were surprised to find how fast the bear could run. But they were holding their own, when Rex hit his foot against a stump concealed in the dry grass, and fell headlong. Jim turned; the angry bear was almost upon his friend. Waiting as long as he dared, he aimed right between the animal's eyes, and fired. For a moment it seemed that he had missed; then the bear pitched forward, and when they dared go near, the boys found her as dead as her mate.

"We will have to take a chance on the coyotes finding the bodies," Jim said. "I don't feel like sticking round here alone; there may be a dozen more in that hole."

"Not likely," Rex replied. "However, we are only a mile from our place, and can come back with the wagon."

When Mr. Hyde saw the bears, he declared that the skins were as fine as any he had ever seen. "The animals are in good condition, too, and the meat should be worth something. There is a good sale for it in town."

On the following Monday Mr. Warwick drove the boys into town, thirty miles distant, with the skins and bear meat. The meat was readily disposed of, and

the agent of a fur company paid Jim sixty dollars for the two skins.

At the hardware store Mr. Warwick helped Jim to select a serviceable rifle, at a cost of forty-five dollars. The money obtained from the meat was spent for ammunition. "That leaves fifteen dollars," Jim said. "Just enough to get that washing-machine mother wants so much. I wish I could buy some geese for Annie, but she will have to wait until we shoot some coyotes; the agent says he will pay us fifteen dollars each for all the good skins we send in."

"Who do you mean by we?" Rex asked.

"I thought it was understood that we were partners," Jim rejoined. "You provide the dogs, and I supply the rifle. We go halves on any furs we get. What will you wager that before spring you will have a fine rifle of your own?"

The Wind—and Mother.

BY FRANCES E. FISKE.

IT frightens me when in the dark
The night wind howls and roars;
I'm very sure that it will break
The windows and the doors.

It "ooo's" and "ooo's" right through the trees

And down the chimney screams,
It bangs the shutters 'gainst the sills
And puts an end to dreams.

I cannot sleep, it scares me so,
And full of fear I lie,—
S'pose it should blow the chimney down
And some of us should die!!!

'Tis then I cough, a little bit,
So Mother'll think of me,
And maybe—just slip through the hall
To take a peek at me.

And then she comes and makes believe
She's 'sprised I'm not asleep.
She gently tucks the covers in,
And pats me on my cheek.

"Old Mother West Wind's cleaning up,
Dear son o' mine," she says,
And on the pillow, close to mine,
Her cool, smooth cheek she lays.

"She's sweeping off the roof," she says,
"And dusting off the trees;
Blowing the soot from chimney-tops,
Why, she's busy as the bees!

Now little son must sleep," she says,
Her hand upon my head;
She smooths my hair, kisses my cheeks,
As she kneels beside my bed.

And then sleep comes; I never know
Just when she goes away,
But I'm very glad she came to me
And sent old Fear away.

There are two kinds of discontent in this world—the discontent that wrings its hands, and the discontent that works. The first loses what it had—and the second gets what it wants.

GRAHAM.

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
TAGORE.

Brownies from the Seas.

INTERESTING SOUVENIRS MADE FROM KELP
IN A PACIFIC COAST TOWN.

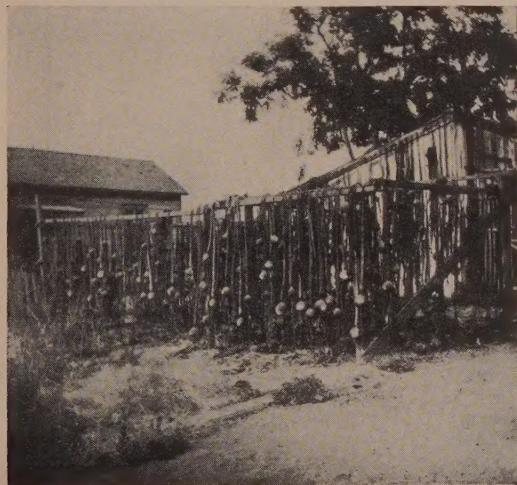
BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

"WELL, of all the funny things I ever saw," exclaimed Mary Clementine, as she and Uncle Jim and Helen Frances were passing a yard in a seacoast town in the Southwest.

"What do you see now, that interests you so much?" asked Helen.

"You just look in there if you want to know," returned Mary Clem.

So they all stopped and looked through an open gateway, into what seemed but an ordinary city back yard, but there was a feature which took it entirely out of the "ordinary" class and put it in a class by itself.



"They did not look like any kind of vegetables that Mary Clem had ever seen."

Suspended from long poles, stretched from post to post, were funny-looking brown balls, a little larger than Jack's baseball, and they had funny long brown tails, it seemed, by which they were hung to the poles.

There were hundreds of them, too, and they certainly did not look like any kind of vegetables that Mary Clem had ever seen; she had never heard, either, of any baseballs that possessed long tails; so it was little wonder that she expressed her wonderment when she saw these curious things hanging there.

As the three onlookers stood by the gate, there came from the rear door of the house an elderly woman, who seemed almost as brown as the funny balls themselves.

"Come in, if you like," she called out cheerily to the trio, and they promptly accepted the invitation, for Mary Clem wanted to have a closer look at the things hanging from the poles.

"You are wondering, I know, what those things are and of what use they can possibly be. Am I not right?"

Both girls answered, "Yes, ma'am," and Helen Frances said it would be very nice if the lady would tell them about the brown balls and the long tails.

"I will," replied their hostess. "Those things you see hanging there are specimens of kelp, a form of vegetation which grows in the sea off this coast. The plants grow in great patches which sometimes cover many acres of the ocean's surface, and the stems run down to the

sea-bottom, where they fasten themselves to rocks. The big balls really act as floats to help the plants to finally reach and keep near the surface of the water.

"The kelp, when it is brought to me by the fishermen who gather it for me, is heavy and rubbery, but very strong, as you would find if you tried to pull pieces of it apart. After I get it, the kelp goes through a process which will make it pliable after it has dried, and makes it so that it will not have a salty appearance, such as it would naturally have after its long stay in the ocean.

"Here is a machine," she continued, "by which the kelp can be cut into any desired width or length for the uses to which I put it, and this is our work-bench where, in this sunny climate, we can make up the scores of different little things which people seem to like to buy as souvenirs.

"And now we will look at some of the things, if 'you'd like to see them," she said.

So Mary Clementine and Helen Frances and Uncle Jim trailed into the house after the lady, and there in a front room was a great array of funny little things. Standing on the table were little kelp men and women, gaily decorated, like dolls. There were, too, attractive little baskets,

finely woven, with the inside and outside of the kelp strips alternating, giving a light and dark effect.

About the Lady of the Moonlight.

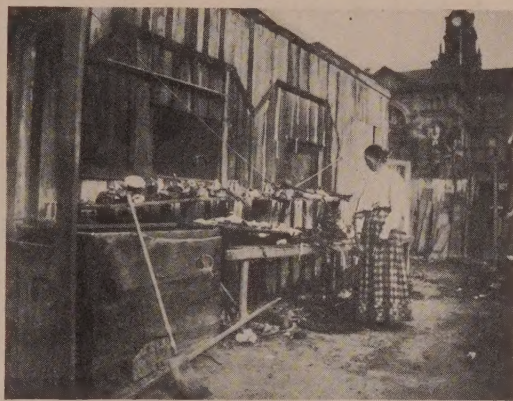
BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

ONCE upon a time in sunny Italy there lived among the hills not far from the city of Florence a little Italian boy named Benvenuto. That is a long name for a little boy, and his last name was long too. It was Lanzo-retto. When any one said his whole name at once, it sounded like a sentenceful of words.

Little Benvenuto's father was an artist, and went often to the old galleries of Florence to paint. He copied pictures for people, who paid him large prices because his copies were so very nearly like the great paintings themselves, painted so many years ago by the great masters of painting in Italy.

Often little Benvenuto went with his father and watched him work, or strolled about the galleries alone. He was a good child and did no harm, and the old caretakers never scolded him. He grew to know the famous paintings by sight, and had his own favorites among them.

One afternoon, Benvenuto's father was working busily upon a picture he nearly had finished, and the light was fading fast so he wanted to use it as long as he could, and he forgot about little Benvenuto, who had come with him and had wandered away to his favorite places.



"Almost as brown as the funny balls themselves."

There was a case in which were watch-fobs, belts, napkin-rings, and dozens of other things, all made from the kelp. On the walls hung pictures framed in kelp, and little clusters of seaweeds added a marine effect to all the display.

"One fine thing about these," remarked the kelp artist, "is that they will always keep their shapes and their color, and so they are much sought by people who like to send them back home as gifts from the Pacific Coast. I hope you have found them interesting," she concluded.

"They are so interesting," said Uncle Jim, "that I am going to let the girls pick out one thing each of their own choice to take with them as a memento of their call."

Mary Clem thought a little Brownie was just the thing that she wanted, and Helen Frances picked out a tiny basket which she said she would give her mother, in which to keep her needle, thimble, and thread; and after expressing their thanks to the maker of the funny things which they had seen the three resumed their afternoon walk.

Even when the artist packed up his materials and started for home, he did not miss the child. An artist is forgetful at times, and besides, Benvenuto sometimes came and sometimes did not come, and the father could not think whether this was one of the times the lad had come or had stayed at home.

Neither did the artist miss Benvenuto when he reached the little home in the hills. Sometimes the boy spent the day and night with his grandmother in the valley, and not seeing Benvenuto about the house, the father thought the boy was in the valley, of course. So he had his supper, which he made ready, quickly, as Benvenuto's mother was upon a visit to an old cousin's, and then went to bed as usual.

Now in the gallery Benvenuto had found much to amuse him. He went to all the favorite pictures and talked to them. One he liked more than all the rest. It was at the end of one of the rooms, and from its heavy frame there looked down upon him such a beautiful lady. She had the cool blue of moonlight all about her, and flowers; and in her arms she held her *dambino*,—the Italian for "baby,"—her little Christ Child. Benvenuto called her the Lady of the Moonlight, though his father knew her by another name—the name the noted painter had given her when he painted her and



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

BRANT ROCK, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church at Green Harbor.

My aunt, Miss Julia Peterson, has started a Lend a Hand Club. We have started quite a few albums and pasted post-cards together.

I am now a member of the Beacon Club; but I have lost my pin and I would like to purchase another one.

I like to read *The Beacon* and puzzle out the enigmas. I am sending an enigma which I hope will be published.

Yours truly,

HELEN PETERSON.

454 PARK AVENUE,
RUTHERFORD, N.J.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I am eleven years old and attend the Unitarian church of Rutherford. I would like very much to join the Beacon Club. To-day I received the third-year bar for three years' attendance without a break.

Hoping you will send me the Beacon button,
I am,

ALLEN C. MATHIAS.

Allen's sister, Pauline, eight years old, is also joining our Club. She has earned a gold pin for regular attendance at Sunday school.

which visitors found in the book that told the names of the pictures to be found in this gallery.

All the morning before coming here with his father Benvenuto had been playing upon the hills, and as the afternoon grew late he became sleepy.

He stole back to take a peep at his father, but found that the painter was as busy as could be, and not at all ready to go home, so Benvenuto went to his Lady of the Moonlight and sat down where he could see her face. He looked and looked and looked and she seemed to smile at him. He looked again, and she held toward him her arms, for to his surprise she had laid the little *bambino* down among the flowers at her feet. Now he felt those soft arms about him, and gently he was gathered into them. He was fast asleep. Once he opened his eyes dreamily and the cold blue moonlight of the picture was over all things, and yet he felt no chill, and the soft arms seemed to hush him by their tender clasp.

All night long slept the little lad in the cold gallery, and all night he rested as sweetly as in his own little bed under the eaves of his small home in the hills.

In the morning the old caretaker was astonished to find the child there. What would any one say if the thing were found out! They would say old Beppo's eyes were getting dim, that he did not find the child in the shadows before, and they would give old Beppo's tasks to another! But the child was so good, the old man could not scold; and when he heard the story of the Lady of the Moonlight's tender care, he told it to the artist, who came early that morning. Benvenuto had met him, for the father must not be frightened, and the lad had started at once for the hills.

2711 WEST 37TH STREET,
DENVER, COL.

My Dear Miss Buck,—Your paper is very interesting to me. I read every bit of it. I think your purpose and motto are very good. I should be very proud to wear the Beacon Club button.

I am thirteen and a member of Unity Sunday school, Denver, which I have gone to for five years. I have two older sisters and a younger brother who go. I don't think any one else in our Sunday school belongs to the Beacon Club. I always read the letters and have never seen one from Denver.

I will enter high school next week. It is something I have looked forward to for a long time. I am already looking forward to the time when I enter college.

Sincerely yours,

ALBERTA FISH.

HANSEA, MINN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like to read the stories and letters. I am eleven years old. The name of our minister is Rev. A. Norman. I like him very much. The name of my teacher is Mabel Larson (she is my sister). My sister Agnes goes to school in Meadville, Pa. We are studying Children of the Father. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

EDNA J. LARSON.

"Thou wilt find milk and bread for thee, my son," said the artist. "Come thou back this afternoon."

Back to the gallery went Benvenuto in the afternoon, and what do you think his father wanted him for? Why, to pose for a new picture he wished to paint—a picture in which the Lady of the Moonlight stooped from her frame to lift a sleeping child from the floor of the gallery, and you can guess who that child was!

A Topsy-Turvy Poem.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

asked was once PUSSY-WILLOW A
(me to told was it As)
brothers her and she 'twas Why
tree a in always Lived

reply her was "know you don't, Why"
me answered she quick As
day one us at barked dogwood A"
tree a up whisked we And

—down come since never have we And
ground the upon once Not
(cause is there and) afraid we're For
"laround still is it That

Sunday School News.

The minister and superintendent of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church at Bridgewater, Mass., issued a joint Sunday-school letter to members of the parish. The church school meets at 9.30, except the Primary Department, which is held at the time of church service. Attendance of older members of the school at church service is encouraged.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLV.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 3, 5, 1, is not high.
My 15, 11, 14, 4, is what bells do.
My 15, 17, 5, 6, is a farmer's tool.
My 10, 8, 9, 7, is to applaud.
My 12, 13, 2, 17, 16, is a country in South America.
My whole is the name of the church to which I go.

ALICE GIVENS.

ENIGMA XLVI.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 15, 2, 17, is an animal with broad antlers.
My 7, 8, 9, 13, is to venture.
My 12, 16, 8, 9, is to listen.
My 1, 3, 10, 4, are stinging insects.
My 5, 11, 6, 14, is part of a flower.
My whole is a part of one of the Beatitudes.

H. L. P.

THREE-LETTER WORD SQUARES.

I.

1. Waves in the air.
2. The past tense of eat.
3. A filmy material.

II.

1. More than warm.
2. A rock-like substance containing metal.
3. A beverage.

III.

1. To satisfy hunger.
2. The plural form of a much-used verb.
3. An afternoon party.

NICOLA G. D'ACENZO.

ODD TRANSFORMATIONS.

1. Cut off one end of a fair stretch of land, and a dingy part of a city will be left.
2. Take an article out of a splendid building, and only an ordinary place will remain.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 20.

ENIGMA XL—Theodore Roosevelt.

ENIGMA XLI—Château-Thierry.

- CURIOUS TREES.—1. Oak (O). 2. Beech (bee). 3. Fir (I). 4. Aspen (asp). 5. Thorn (horn). 6. Linden (den). 7. Pine (pin). 8. Cedar (D). 9. Larch (arch). 10. Hemlock (lock). 11. Maple (map). 12. Chestnut (chest).
HIDDEN BIRDS.—1. Crow. 2. Dove. 3. Owl. 4. Hen. 5. Robin. 6. Swallow. 7. Wren. 8. Bittern. 9. Starling. 10. Emu.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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